

The Lancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER:

Wednesday, November 27, 1853.

I assumed that the young man had been unfortunate in business; had lost more than he could pay, and been driven to desperation by the Sheriff refusing to let him have the money he wanted to go without out of the million he said he was worth. I went straight to the old man and said "I don't know where he is, but he's gone." He never said a word good or bad, but just stiffened himself up and went out of the room.

What he felt no one knew, but after this his son's suicide, he seemed to grow harder and harder. The very next day he ordered a distress to be put on all his tenements that had lost all their stakes by fire, and turned them over into the snow.

Of course there was an instant appeal made about the Sheriff killing his son for the sum of a thousand pounds of gold, and he was rolling in riches. But, before much could be said or done, having sold at the funeral, he died without saying a word, and before a doctor or a lawyer or a parson could be brought to him. He left four wills, but none of them signed.

They put me in charge of the property, and I had it for years, until they took the railroad through the Hall. As soon as he death was known there were claims in all directions. It seems Mr. Charles privately married, and had a family by one of the fairymen. She married J. W. Johns, the lawyer's son, for her second husband, and Mr. Norman had a wife, but there were some doubts whether she had another husband living when she married Mr. Norman. And the two sons-in-law, Langston and Woods, made their claims, and A. M. Blingz, a wonderful Indian Jaway, set up for some yellow children of Mr. Roper's, and showed a semi-marriage, so there was plenty of law work. At first they all went hammering away, before all the courts, and were at me every week to swear one paper or another.

How they settled it, I don't know, but the place all tumbled down, except the walls, before the railroad came through it, and now I say by this fall, that it is to be sold in lottery order of the Court of Claims.

I grew up the charge two years ago, to go and live with my married daughter, down south, and I'm traveling back to spend Christmas with my son, the first time I've ever been here. This is the last memorial of the old place, where I learned that it is content and not riches that make folks happy.

DRY-GOODS & CARPETING,
FLOOR OIL CLOTH &c.

ART-ASSOCIATION.

SECOND YEAR.

ARRANGEMENTS for the Second Annual Collections of Misses and popular Institution for the most extensive scale.

Among the works already engaged, in the famous

"GENOA CRUCIFIX," which originally cost Ten Thousand Dollars.

In forming new Collections, we find that our friends have not been ungenerous. Contributions have been made to us, 20,000 dollars, and we have received many more.

At present we are engaged in the construction of a number of objects, among which are the

"George Washington's Chair," of his country.

Benjamin Franklin's Philosopher.

Daniel Webster's Lectern.

Washington's Chair, and other

judicious collections of foreign works in Art, both

Graves and Monuments and other Paintings.

Paintings and Statuary we are collecting and preparing.

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